

The Bloomfield Record.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL INTERESTS, GENERAL NEWS, AND THE DIFFUSION OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

3. M. HOLIN, Editor and Proprietor.

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Empress Elizabeth.

A London correspondent of the Boston Post says of the Empress of Austria: "Elizabeth of Bavaria is still, at the age of thirty-seven, the handsomest crowned head of the gentler sex in Europe. She has not the perfect regularity of features and superb repose which so strikingly yet distinguish the ex-Empress of the French; nor the girlish prettiness and sparkling naivete of the Princess Dagmar, to be the Empress of all the Russias; but her beauty is more brilliant, striking, expressive than either. To see her, you would never guess that she was more than thirty. She is a brunette, with large, very dark eyes; very black, abundant, shining hair; a face rather short than long; a fine, handsome, positive mouth set upon a chin which the originals of the Greek sculptures might have envied; a nose slightly—very slightly—rebrous; an expression haughty but not ill-natured or gloomy; a truly imperial expression; and she carries her head aloft in complete harmony with this proud imperial consciousness. Her form, too, is simply magnificent; full, well rounded, straight, supple, and replete with the most perfect womanly, princely grace; and it is all the more attractive as she has not the fashionable slope of shoulders of which Eugene set the example."

FRENCH HOME LIFE.—So far as my experience goes, says a writer in Appleton's Journal, I can safely venture to declare, that I have never seen any examples among French spouses of middle age of that tender and devoted affection, that *lover-love*, to coin a compound word, which one so often sees existing in America between married couples of many years' standing. The very epithet by which a French wife calls her husband "My friend" (*"Mon ami"*), is in itself a proof of the formal nature of the tie existing between them. It is hard for an American to imagine marriage without wooing—marriage without the delicious preliminaries of *l'ete-a-ete* drives, and long walks, and delightful escortings to and fro, and stolen kisses, and endless plannings and castle-buildings, indulged in during long confidential chats which fill up the evenings of a recognized engagement. We have much, socially speaking, to learn as a nation—our social system is very defective—but long may it be before we engrave upon it the pernicious and demoralizing institution of the French marriage!

P. T. BARNUM'S MARRIAGE.—In the interval following the recess of the Universalist Convention, in New York, it was announced that Miss Nancy Fish, of Southport, Lancashire, England, was to be married to Phineas Taylor Barnum. In a few minutes the couple walked up the aisle, the organ playing the wedding march. The bride wore a slate-colored dress, diamond earrings, and black velvet hat with blue feather. Mr. Barnum was in a black dress suit. After the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. E. H. Chapin, the couple entered a coach and rode to the Windsor House. The bride is 26 and the groom about 67. Mr. Barnum's first wife died about a year ago.

VARIETIES.

The less men think, the more they talk.
A highly intellectual dog—The type-setter.
A man who has no mind will not change it.

Job boiled over when his patience gave way.

The earliest participants in the fall trade—Adam and Eve.

A man may love wisely, but he cannot love too very well.

A man named his best hen "Muddaff," because he wanted her to lay on.

A polite way of putting it: Troubled with a chronic indisposition to exertion.

Eight Connecticut young ladies have just taken the veil. They were hopelessly freed.

When a Maryland doctor spells it "accolutions" it is any wonder that a patient dies on his hands?

Charlie Ross, the kidnapped urchin, is found farther and farther away from home every time. He was last found in Cuba.

A lady correspondent of a western journal thinks there ought to be a statute of limitation against the reappearance of long-lost husbands.

An actress in California, a Miss Kinlin, lately married a professional named Wood, and her stage name is now hyphenated into Mm. Kinlin-Wood.

A Chicago paper says that not one man in fifty knows how to carry a ladder easily. The best way is for a man to carry the holes and hire a boy to carry the rest of it.

A Long Branch beauty was recently weighed in her promenade costume, and turned the scales at 165 pounds. In her bathing dress she weighed 105 pounds.

When the Arkansas census-taker next goes around he will find Peter Dayton missing from earth. The old man found a package and threw it on the fire to see if it was powder or sand. It wasn't sand.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An Iowa lady has presented her husband with three boys and a girl at a birth. He doesn't seem to enjoy the proud eminence he occupies, and looks like a man who would just as lief "step down and out," if he knew where to go to.

"Your handwriting is very bad indeed," said a gentleman to a friend recently addicted to boasting that he studied; "you really ought to learn to write better." "Ay, ay," replied the young man, "it is all very well for you to tell me that; but if I were to write better, people would find out how I spell."

A person who represented that he was a clergyman presented himself at the office of a prominent real estate firm in Boston one day this week, and asked if the firm would give him a list of all the farms offered for sale and owned by widows. The query naturally aroused whether he wanted to buy a widow or marry a farm.

An exchange ridiculing the ridiculous county fairs, which make no effort at good show, says that the Cleverland fair consisted of a calf, a goose and a pumpkin. It rained so hard the first night that the goose swam off, the calf broke loose and stole the pumpkin, and a thief prowling around stole the calf, and that ended the fair.

An Irishman found a Government blanket recently, and rolling it up put it under his arm and walked off, saying: "Yis, that's noin—U for Patrick, and S for McCarthy; be me sowl, but this learnin's a fine thing as me fuyr, or would say, for I have n't any education I wouldn't have been afther findin' me blanket."

A goat is more expensive than agreeable, and will live on almost anything; but a capricious in Buffalo was an exception to the rule the other day in regard to the inexpressiveness. It got into the house and had a regular blow out on a Panama hat, three linen shirt bosoms, a box of cigars, and a part of a partially constructed new bonnet.

Mr. Stocking is the leading Conservative candidate for the Governorship of Nebraska, and the funny men are after him. One says his name is received with Hosannas. Another thinks his party has got a shower shower. His opponents call him a doped old hunch, but acknowledge they can't pull him off. On the whole we think it will prove that somebody has put his foot in it. *Boston Advertiser.*

A clergyman, who owned a farm, found his ploughman sitting on his plow, resting his horse. Quoth the clergyman: "John, wouldn't it be a good plan for you to have a good stub-sythe here and be cutting a few bushes along the fence while the horse is resting a short time?" "Wouldn't it be well, sir," said John, "for you to have a tub of potatoes in the pulpit, and when they are resting, peel 'em awhile to be ready for the pot?"

A drover went to a restaurant one night and ordered a plate of chicken soup. After eating a few spoonfuls, he called the waiter to him and said: "Look here! what was the length of the stilt used by the chicken when it waded through the water on this plate?" "You fool!" said the waiter, "the chicken didn't wade at all. It had wings and flew across the kettle, and its shadow fell on the water and was boiled some, and that's how the soup was made." The drover said no more, but finished his soup with a heavy heart, pocketed the spoon and went away.

The other day as a Detroitier was riding on the Pontiac road, he came across an old lady seated in a buggy which had been halted within a few yards of the Grand Trunk Railroad track. She seemed to be uneasy about something, and as he drove up she asked, "Say mister, hain't that engine going to come along pretty soon?" He asked her to explain, and she pointed to the sign, "Look out for the engine!" and added, "I have waited more'n two hours for the old engine to go by, but I'm getting tired, and if it don't come pretty soon I'll drive right over the track and go hoo."

A Fair Critic.

A writer in the *Literary World* says: "On board a steamboat lately the writer happened to sit near a young lady to whom he was attracted by her evident absorption in a book she held, to say nothing of certain physical allurements, to wit: Opulence of auburn hair adjusted with modest grace; item, a pair of turquoise-blue eyes, frequently lifted from the book; item, a pair of very white and shapely ungloved hands. A quick glance at the volume possessed him of its name, and an indefinable but potent social instinct led him to ask if she found 'Man and Wife' very interesting. She answered promptly that she did, but confessed that it was her habit to skip certain passages 'like this,' she explained, indicating with one of those long, fine fingers two or three columns of solid type, unbroken by paragraphs or quotation marks. The conversation sped on in literary paths—not very lofty or difficult ones, to be sure, yet safe and pleasant; and at last the blonde stranger ventured to divulge her private literary likings. 'I like Miss Brandon's books so much,' she said, the white fingers of her two hands rushing into a musical embrace, as if to attest the devotedness of her adoration, and the blue eyes glancing upward, as if that way lay Miss Brandon's home. Brandon or Braddon, there's but the difference of a letter, and the fact that she made the mistake proves that she is not very familiar with that author's writings. Let us take courage; she may like Miss Braddon, but no doubt it is a means of rare literary dissipation; her tastes, of course, abide in higher regions, and descend only occasionally. Soon she pronounced the name of one of our own writers—a lady who writes out of the purity of a large, warm heart—pronounced the name with earnest praise. This attested for Miss Brandon, but only for a moment, for being interrogated she admitted that she had not read any of this lady's writings, but had seen as a summer visitor in her own place of residence. But a severe shock was impending. Resuming the revelation of her literary preferences, she said, with an enthusiasm the sight of which would have made Miss Braddon grow green with jealousy, 'But I like Miss Southworth best of all!' the charm was broken; the sunlight faded from the auburn hair and left it dull and downy; the blue eyes dwindled to points, and from the long hands cutting the air on a voyage of emphasis was exhaled the unmistakable odor of peanuts."

CASTLES IN THE AIR.—Fuller and later reports received in Washington show conclusively that the recent glowing accounts from the Black Hills country are entirely untrustworthy, and confirm the opinion of Prof. Winchell that there are no valuable minerals in the country. Col. Fred Grant, who accompanied the expedition under special instructions to report upon its geological formation, says that the rock on which it is claimed gold was discovered is of a metamorphic character, in which no precious minerals have ever been found. Not over three dollars' worth was brought under his observation during the entire expedition, and it is a question whether this was not imported into that section. The timber is spruce and yellow pine, and is valueless for lumber. The area of tillable lands is very small, there not being enough for a dozen good-sized farms.

CONSUMPTION AS AFFECTED BY RESIDENCE.—Dr. Bowditch of Massachusetts, in a report to the Legislature of that State, discusses the relation of consumptive diseases to the matter of residence. The first point he urges is that the cellar should be always dry; also, that no possibility should exist of drinking water becoming contaminated by refuse; and hence, for the latter, closely cemented stone, brick, or vitrified tile drains should be used, while the supply for drinking should be brought to the house from some distant spring or pond. The dwelling he says, is best situated on an elevated knoll, open to the south and west winds, but somewhat shielded from the north and east. There should be means of allowing sunlight to enter every room; and, as regards temperature, about 70° medium is the best, the heat to be derived from open fireplaces connected with well constructed chimneys in every room.

A Detroit young woman tried to be aristocratic and did not look at the money that she gave the horse-car conductor, but he meekly gave her back the loose coin which was written, "I'll never cease to love thee," and said that he was an orphan with five little brothers to support, and must be excused.

Pedagogue—"What is your name?" Little boy—"Jule." Pedagogue—"Oh, no; your name is Julius. Next little boy—what is yours?" Next little boy—"Billious, sir."

SAID a conscientious auctioneer: "Ladies and gentlemen, there is no sham about the carpets; they are genuine tapestry carpets. I bought them of old Tapestry himself!"

A BOAT SONG.

Rory dawn about the rim
Of the carmine tinted waves,
Flashes soft the mountains dim,
Which the rosy ripple leaves;
While my little boat I trim,
Floating over sapphire caves.

Sea and sky in love unite,
Colors meet in gentlest kiss,
Smiling summer, hovering bright,
Floods the earth with rosy bliss;
Night's pale shadows leave their flight,
Gently shades I gladly miss.

Surprise in my heart doth shine,
Blessed warmth and rosy glow,
While the soft horizon line
Larger, deeper, broadens slow.
May this radiant morn be sign
Imaging how love shall grow!

Can this bliss e'er reach high noon,
Brightening still for fairer years?
Clouds may shut out sunlight soon,
Overclouding with full tears.
Magic morn, I read thy rune,
Dim fust this day with fars.

TAKING THE WHITE VEIL.—In the chapel of St. Catharine's Convent, in New York, last week Miss Helen McQuade took the white veil, the first step toward her becoming the bride of Heaven. The fair young girl entered the chapel preceded by the crucifix in the hands of a Sister, and clad in the bridal robes that were the shroud of her earthly life, and as she knelt before the priest, the Rev. Mr. Curran, and from his hands received the spotless veil, she was a picture of beauty. An eloquent sermon was delivered by the Rev. M. Nolan, of the church of the Nativity. The chapel of the sisters, where the ceremony was performed, was ablaze with lights that flashed from the magnificent altar, and the air was replete with the perfume of rare flowers, mingled with clouds of incense. The music was by a choir of the Sisters of Mercy.

WHAT SHE WEARS.—We learn from the Springfield Republican that Mrs. John Morrissey promenades the streets of Saratoga in a black *drop d'ete* polonaise, embroidered in silk, with true lovers' knots and wild flowers in all their natural and strong colors—yellow, red, white, etc. It was imported from Paris, at a cost of \$1,000 gold. Nobody passes the lady without turning to look at her gorgeous costume. The lady wears a single stone diamond ring, said to be worth \$40,000.

An experienced editor pays a high and deserved compliment to the fair patrons of the Press. "Women," he says, "are the best subscribers in the world to newspapers, magazines, etc. We have been editor for forty years and never lost a dollar by female subscribers. They seem to make it a point of conscientious duty to pay the preacher and the printer—two classes of the community that suffer more by bad pay and no pay at all than all the rest put together."

The Duchess of Edinburgh has worn all the dresses of her wedding outfit once, and her sisters-in-law are asking her why she doesn't make her husband buy her something new.

MAMMA—"Johnny, what are you doing?" Johnny—"O, I'm just cutting up this suit for rags; I want to be a poor child, and go down the harbor on an excursion."

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